A Problem

by Phillip J Rhoades (c) 2025

Tonald Drump was never described as a smart man and rarely described as a man in any sense of the word. A half-man living in a warped and fuzzy world of his own demented creation was about as good as honest descriptions of him got.

However, somehow, that utter and near-useless fool became the President of the United Systems of Andromeda. Many were shocked at the discovery that enough sub-morons existed to elect another moron into office. Despite expectations, the time of Idiots in Power had come.

The fat dullard was sitting on his reinforced carbon-fiber, nanite-auto-mending chair behind the Vid-Desk in the Octagonal Office. Stained Insta-Slop packaging was crumpled and piled around both him and the desk. Even more refuse cluttered the desk, making the video function essentially useless.

"Mr. Drump, we have a situation."

Tonald looked up with his glassy eyes at the being who had just walked into his office. He put down his MacRenolt's Giga-Slop Sandwich and pouted for a moment while he tried to think enough to understand the words he'd just heard. A bit of slop-infused drool slid down his many chins.

"Sit... Aye... Shun? Is that some kind of Mehikaxian word? Speak English!"

K'Los pinched the bridge of his trunk-like nose with his primary claw and let out a series of squeaks that counted for a deeply sad and frustrated sigh for his species. Then he breathed in, filling his lung-sack while he tried to think of a way to explain reality to the moron in charge.

"It is Engli- Never mind. Sir... There is a very big, very bad, not good problem."

"Well, did we try lying about it? Lying always works! Did we try it?"

The dullard's uncountable chins shook with each word of the question. Then he smiled broadly, as if he believed himself to be clever.

"The dolt probably does think he's clever," K'Los thought.

"This is not a problem that can be taken care of with a lie, sir. You see," he cleared some of the clutter from the Vid-Desk and pointed at the screen, "There are seven hundred and twenty-one tesseract-fission missiles on their way here right now."

"Blow 'em out of space with our missiles!"

"Those missiles are ours, sir. The recent budget cuts, the depletion of the Space Force due to new policies excluding billions of potential troops, the firing of United Systems Core workers deemed non-critical, and other decisions you made left our weapons stockpiles unguarded and-"

"No! It's not my fault! You... you and fake news! And, and, and that Aunt Ifa! All of you! It's your fault! But it's not my fault! I'm the best President ever! Everyone says it!"

"Everyone says it because you made it illegal to not say it," K'Los thought. *"And you made it 'double-illegal' to say anything bad about you, whatever you think 'double-illegal' means."*

K'Los looked at the chronometer in the corner of the Vid-Desk and the estimated time of the first wave of missiles making contact. He'd spent too much time trying to make the idiot understand. There was no time to evacuate.

He let out a fresh set of long, squealing notes. It was a series of sounds that sang of resignation and dulled fury. It whispered of rage that could go nowhere and could serve no purpose.

He looked back up at President Drump. The idiot had already lost attention for the problem at hand and was angrily chewing on another Giga-Slop Sandwich, having stuffed his cheeks with the remains of the previous one. The simpleton might choke before the missiles even hit.

"I always knew that the end of the United Systems would come someday," he mumbled. "I just didn't think it would be so stupid."

"What?"

"Nothing, Mr. President," K'Los said with a growing smile.

"If it's nothing, then don't make so much noise about it!"

K'Los let his smile grow longer and wider.

"There is one more thing I'd like to say to you before the missiles strike, sir."

"Well? What? I don't have all day! I have sandwiches to eat and... uh, other important stuff! Out with it! Wait... Missiles? What missiles?"

"You are an unmitigated, disaster-level, stupendous moron. And it is, without doubt or statistical error, a fact that every single sentient being in the galaxy hates you."

K'Los grinned with honesty that would have made the gods of lies blush.

President Tonald Drump, the last President of the United Systems of Andromeda, raged. The fat fool shook his tiny fists, threw wrappers and food, and cried until tears and snot covered his many chins.

And then the missiles arrived.